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JUNE, 1898.

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# The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

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Vol. XXVIII.

JUNE, 1898.

No. 6.

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## THE OFFERING.

*By Elder Henry C. Blinn.*

THERE may be many of these incidents found in the "Good Book," that have for years awakened thought and possibly may have led some to step forward into a better life.

Jesus was not a man to sit in the chimney corner and write homilies for little sinners. He was an active worker. He was interested in doing good as well as being good. He was acquainted with the rich as well as with the poor, and by this peculiar instance which we now have in mind, we may well understand that he had some insight into the subtlety of the human heart.

While on one of his errands of mercy he made a visit to the temple. Possibly his little company made a slight contribution to the fund that was for the support of that sacred place.

We have learned from the Scriptures that Jesus and the disciples readily paid their taxes, and we also remember how curiously he obtained the money, at one time, for this purpose.

The little company all took seats near the treasury, to observe the people as they cast in their money. All classes were moving along, having this one object first in mind, and to be approbated by the priests, for their generosity. Jesus evidently knew some of the rich Jews as readily as we know the wealthy people of our state or nation.

But the special feature in this case, that made the lesson so valuable for the disciples, was that they might see the offerings made by the poor Jews. It was the Lord's treasury and every person was expected to contribute the

amount of their tithe, so that those who had but little of this world's goods could give only their due proportion.

Following closely in the rear of those who were drest in "purple and fine linen," was a poor widow. As she past the sacred treasury there fell from her feeble but generous hand, only two mites. It was a mere pittance. Possibly in value, one mill of United States money.

As we think of those dominant priests who watched with eager eyes the gifts that were contributed, it becomes questionable if they would have thanked her for the offering. Some persons at the present day, think it is decidedly mean to pass one cent only, into the contribution box, and say that it ought to be refused. It may be that such churches have no poor widows, who visit them for prayers or for consolation, and on that account an offering from the poor is ruled out.

When we learn that some twenty-four thousand priests lived in Jerusalem, and were supported by the offerings made at the temple, we do not wonder at their anxiety for the money that was contributed.

Jesus, however, was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and he could not let the favorable opportunity pass without a special notice. His disciples must have the benefit of this remarkable act. "And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites. And he said, of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all; for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God: but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had."

What do we learn from this lesson? Was it written for our instruction in righteousness? As the disciples had progreß but a short distance from the selfishness of the world, they were not over anxious to make sacrifices either for God or for the temple. No more anxious than we should be.

Professing as we do a more exalted religious call, having a clearer understanding of the duties that are incumbent upon those who live in the light, does our faithfulness excel or even equal that of the disciples of two thousand years ago?

To them it was said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." This left but little room for a selfish interest. Live for God and for humanity is the duty of man. All this discipline was necessary to establish a kingdom of God on the earth, and the whole history of the Jews was only a preliminary work to one that was greater,—a work of self-denial and the cross.

The spirit and testimony of Jesus Christ was long anticipated. One of the prophets had said that it would be in its purifying process, like unto a refiner's fire and for making people neat and clean, soul and body, it would have an effect quite like that of fuller's soap upon a soiled garment.

It was to be a new day, and men were to worship a new and living God.

Idol gods of wood and stone were to be cast away. To the multitudes of deities that presided over the affairs of this world, every thing, good and bad had been offered. Men treated their gods as they treated each other. If the gods acceded to all their wishes, they were feasted, but if they failed to do this, they were scourged or pulled down from their sacred places.

Jesus taught a better lesson, Render to Cæsar, said he, that which belongs to Cæsar, and then offer that sacrifice to God which is in the interest of your spiritual lives. Jesus taught his disciples the necessity of giving their whole life to God,—“All that a man hath,” said he, “yea, and his own life also.”

Modern Christianity however, has seen fit to bring in a bill of betterments. That old way of two thousand years ago was well enough for those stiff-necked Jews and even for the apostles. People did not know so much in that age, and were filled with superstitious notions.

But there can be only this one way. To follow Christ, we must do as he did, live as he lived. Be crucified to the elements of the world. Selfishness in the present is the same as selfishness in the past, and to make Christ the author of our selfish, religious views which may cover any amount of uncleanness, is placing the religion of to-day, far below that which was preached in the desert of Arabia some three thousand years ago.

*East Canterbury, N. H.*

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## ANGEL VISITATION.

*By Elder George W. Clark.*

FROM the land of the Læal they come, the silent visitors, more often unseen than seen, unfelt than felt, tho occasionally the vail is lifted and we see behind it, and we catch a glimpse of this wonderful land and its inhabitants. It was so at the time of which we speak.

The labors of the day having been faithfully performed we had retired to our couch, and as usual directed our thoughts to the Invisible Source of all sources, and to spirit agencies to whom we are indebted for spiritual gifts and sustenance.

We began to query in our mind after this manner,—are material objects at all times visible to spirits, or must they first become endowed with sight to see them, the same as certain organisms here are given sight to see things behind the vail which others not so endowed can not see. Whether walls or closed doors are obstacles in the way of their ingress or egress; and whether they really see as one person would see another.

Suddenly, while thus ruminating, a spirit form appeared but a few feet distant, revealing distinctly the head and face of a Shaker sister. The figure wore one of our ordinary Shaker bonnets. We eagerly scanned the features to ascertain if it were some one whom we had known in earth life but not being able to recognize her, we asked, What was her mission? Instantly she



raised her arms and pointed upward to a beautiful star, and in a clear impressive tone said "Come up higher." We had not noticed the star until she spoke. It was almost directly overhead and seemed to be quite a distance from us. It resembled one of our brightest constellations tho it was not; for the position we occupied afforded a limited view of the sky. In order to see the heavenly bodies overhead we must resort to the window.

A striking peculiarity of the vision was, that while looking directly at the figure in front of us we could see the star at the same time as plainly as tho we regarded that and nothing else, and yet it was directly overhead while the form was in front, so that the lines of vision were at right angles to each other. The figure was visible for a moment or more and then disappeared.

The relation of spirit to matter is yet an unsolved question, but one thing is as clear and bright to our mind as was that beautiful star and the angelic spirit to our vision,—That there is in the invisible realms of the Eternal, a heavenly home for all who earnestly seek to find it and who cheerfully make sacrifices here to obtain a glorious reward hereafter. True, our work is before us, and our reward is with us in this stage of existence, but as it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

While the vision tarried, there came a wave of inspiration, which thrilled our whole being and gave rise to the following lines:—

There's a higher more glorious life to obtain  
Than e'er can be found upon earth's broad domain,  
Where angels with joy their voices upraise,  
In ravishing, soul-thrilling pœans of praise.  
Oh would that their chorus might sound far and near,  
It would help lift the burden, give comfort and cheer,  
Dispel the vague fancies that oft come and go  
Like the tides of the sea as they ebb to and fro.  
Come higher, up higher, away from the world,  
Let purity's banner be widely unfurled,  
Arise from the vain, fleeting pleasures of time,  
Tread firmly the narrow way mortals must climb.  
A highway is cast up—'tis beautifully clean—  
Made sacred and pure by love's holy sheen,  
Where the feet of the conqueror often hath trod  
As he wended his way up this mountain of God.  
The thorns and the briars may oft wound and pierce,  
And beasts of the forest all eager and fierce  
Attack on the way; but the balsam is there,  
And purity, peace, are shielded by prayer.  
Oh come, come away, again we repeat,  
The immortal life is worth more than meat.  
Yea, upward we'll soar with you, spirit friend,  
And ever prove faithful and true to the end.

*Enfield, Conn.*



## BETHESDA.

*By Cora C. Vinneo.*

WITHOUT the Holy City's ponderous gate,  
 Lay bright Bethesda's sweet refreshing pool,  
 Whose waters gush from hidden fountains cool.  
 Beside its banks lay stricken ones whom fate  
 Had made to suffer, there to watch and wait  
 Till God's good Angel came, as was its rule,  
 To bring the gift unknown to man or school,  
 That would restore the sick and desolate.  
 We all have sin and weakness and distress,  
 That need the healing of the cleansing wave;  
 That need the power of the Angel's touch.  
 We all must pray for comfort and redress,  
 Must seek the help that mighty is to save,—  
 We can not serve our Savior overmuch.  
*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

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[*Notes from the Diary of William Deming, of Hancock, Mass. who with Brother Eliab Harlow of New Lebanon, N. Y. visited the Believers at Union Village, Ohio, Pleasant Hill and South Union, Ky.*]

ON the 21st of May 1810, William Deming and Eliab Harlow, were sent by the Society at New Lebanon, to visit the Believers in Ohio and Kentucky. The distance from New Lebanon, N. Y. to Union Village, Ohio, was seven hundred and fifty-five miles. This journey was to be made on horseback, as much of the way no roads had been made for carriages at that early date. They were enabled, however, to reach some public or private house every night, where they could secure good food and a comfortable resting place. Their zigzag journey becomes interesting as it is so different from what it would be at the present date, 1898.

At night, on the first day, they put up at Stocking's tavern in Hudson, a distance of twenty-eight miles from New Lebanon. Then crost the North River at Catskill and reacht the village of Kingston. The third night they were in Montgomery. On the 24th of May they past the Goshen Court House and reacht Brooktown. On the 25th, they left the state of New York and entered New Jersey, and at night were in the town of Hardwick.

From New Jersey they past into the state of Pennsylvania and stopt at Easton Hotel. For the first time, during the journey, they now mention the crossing of a toll-bridge.

They next past through a Moravian town and at night stopt at the village of Kutestown. The next day they reacht Mayorstown and on the 29th of

May they were in Harrisburg, and were pleased to note that the house kept by Jeremiah Rees was "a place of good entertainment." They now crost the Susquehanna river and reacht the village of Shippingsburg. The journey took them over the Blue Ridge Mountains and over Sideling and Race Hills, to the tavern kept at the foot of Dry Ridge. After riding some thirty-seven miles farther they rested for the night.

While passing over Mount Pleasant a large rattlesnake lay coiled by the side of the road. Providing a safe place for the horses, the Brethren obtained some weapons from an old fence, and soon put the venomous reptile where it could do no harm. This night they rested in South Huntington. After crossing Monongahela river, and getting their clothes very wet and muddy, they rode on till they reacht the village in Washington.

On June 5th they entered the state of Virginia and crost the Ohio river, at the ferry, and remained at that place during the night. Their next stop was at Morristown. Leaving this place they past through Cambridge and over another toll-bridge and rested for the night in Union township. They next crost the Muskingum river and stopt at Redding. The next day they past through Lancaster and rested at night in Pickaway. Then crost the Scioto river, and at night rested in Fairfield.

Altho they were nearly at their journey's end and had traveled some twenty miles they made this special note,—“It was by the worst road that ever any man would desire to see.” When they reacht the village of Vernon and made preparations to rest for the night, it must have been with thankful hearts for the protecting care of a kind Providence.

On the 12th of June which was the last day of the journey and was to be about twenty miles, they crost the little Miami river and then past through the village of Lebanon, which was only a few miles from Believers. A kind and hearty welcome was extended to the Brethren on reaching the family where Elder David Darrow lived. There was great cause of gratitude for the safe arrival of the Brethren, after making such an extended journey of seven hundred and fifty-five miles.

These Brethren, altho so far from home were not wholly among strangers, as several Brethren and Sisters had been sent to Union Village, as early as 1805, from the Society of New Lebanon.

June 13. As this diary was written by Brother William Deming there is but little said about Brother Eliab Harlow altho he was evidently in the company most of the time. It is a curious fact that the first building which the Brethren visited for inspection was the Meeting House. The early Shakers manifested a very commendable zeal in providing a place for public worship, as a building of the first importance in the interests of the Society. They next visited the saw-mill and learned that the Shakers hauled and sawed their own lumber for the several buildings which they were proposing to build. A visit to the tannery also assured them that they manufactured their own

leather and were also able to sell to those not of the Community. William entered at once into the duties of the place and became an interested and profitable visitor. One day he accompanied the Brethren to the woods, to obtain a load of butternut bark and the next day he was at work in the saw-mill. He assisted them in laying the sills to the new dwelling and then in the drawing of stones for building purposes.

As Brother Eliab was a very skillful physician, he was evidently more or less occupied in the duties of his special office.

The visit at Turtle Creek, as Union Village was then called, lasted till the 11th of July. A Public Service was held on each Sabbath. The preachers were Elder Benjamin S. Youngs and Richard McNemar.

Two Brethren from Busro were at Union Village on a visit, Robert Gill and John Stoven. John had been taken prisoner by the Indians, several times and through them suffered much abuse. It was fear of these Indian raids that caused the Believers to leave their settlement in Busro.

On the 11th of July the Brethren from New Lebanon left Union Village for Pleasant Hill, Ky. in company with Joseph Allen. It was a journey of four days. "The land on which the Believers have settled is very excellent, but rather uneven, stony in some places and everywhere a solid body of rock underneath. On the 21st of July, I accompanied eight Brethren to Salt River, on a fishing excursion. We waded in the water for six hours and caught forty-eight little fishes. They were bull-heads, perch and flat-sides."

"With Brother Joseph we visited the Deer Park of Col. Thomson. He had five elk and forty deer."

"The Meeting House was not finished and I assisted Samuel Hooser, who was at work on the building, during one day. We visited several families of Believers who had not yet moved to the Community and enjoyed a very profitable time." The settlement at Pleasant Hill, at that date was called Shawnee Run.

July 30. The Brethren left for South Union or Jasper and reached that place on the evening of the third day. On this trip they forded the Rolling Fork, Green River, Little Barren River and Big Barren River. They visited two caves and went in about ten rods and pronounced them beautiful sights. A visit was made to the families of Elisha Thomas, John Rankin and Samuel Edes.

"We entered one cave that was forty feet deep. At the bottom of this cave was a swift rushing stream. It was a river in the earth." "On the Sabbath we attended the Public Service, but some of the spectators behaved very rudely."

On the 7th of August the Brethren left Jasper and directed their course homeward. They passed by a mound that had recently been uncovered. It proved to be very interesting. Trees were growing on it that measured some thirty inches in diameter. The mound was thirty feet high and forty rods in

circumference near the ground. On the 9th of August they again reacht Shawnee Run or Pleasant Hill and remained there till the 21st, when they moved on to Union Village where they arrived at evening on the 23rd. The distance traveled since leaving Ohio was five hundred and fifty-eight miles, and the expenses \$7.48

The Brethren remained at Union Village till the 13th of September when they left that place for home, returning by the same route that was taken on their journey west. Two Sisters who had been visiting at Union Village returned with them to New Lebanon, where they all arrived in safety at noon on the 3rd of October. They had traveled during their journey two thousand two hundred and eighty-seven miles, and their expenses were \$65.43

[Written for Brother Samuel Kendrick.]

### SAFELY ANCHORED.

*By Ada S. Cummings.*

ALL was quiet in the Harbor,  
 Evening shades were close at hand,  
 Where the ever restless waters  
 Beat upon the silv'ry sand.  
 And the sun was slowly sinking  
 'Neath the cloud's resplendent rim,  
 When a barque from life's long journey  
 To the port, came sailing in.  
 Now throw out the anchoring hawser  
 And make fast the sturdy barque,  
 Which has stood through storm and danger,  
 Out upon life's ocean, dark!  
 For unto the port of Heaven  
 Comes the craft, all safe at last;  
 Oh how grandly o'er the billows  
 Has it rode thro' tempest's blast!  
 Thus, within the twilight's gloaming,  
 Many ships come sailing in;  
 Sailing in from storm and danger,  
 There a place of rest to win  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling  
 And the weary are set free.  
 Safe, within the golden harbor,  
 Where the many mansions be.  
 There, beneath the glimmering shadows  
 Of the sunset's borderland,

Where the ever murmuring waters  
 Beat upon the shining strand;  
 There, our barques will some time anchor  
 To the moorings on the shore,  
 Where the beacon from the Lighthouse  
 Sheds its rays forevermore.

There the weary sailors gather  
 When their sun sinks in the West,  
 And the Captain,—Christ, our Father,  
 Gives to them their well-earned rest.  
 There they dwell beside the river,  
 Safe within the port of Love,  
 Firmly anchored to the Haven,  
 In their happy home above.

*Sabbathday Lake, Me.*

### A FRIENDLY WARNING.

*By Virgie Breedlove.*

**E**VEN tho there should exist in every Community, one or more of that very unpleasant class known as mischief-makers, our duty to Society becomes more imperative, as we walk among them to see that we are not brought under the same influence.

As we would avoid a scorpion through fear of its deadly poison, so we would avoid the influence of an habitual mischief-maker, who destroys the happiness of Society

Some have compared these unpleasant busybodies, to the "Stormy Petrels" of the ocean, as their presence is quite certain of a forth-coming storm.

But while the little bird is innocent of doing any harm, the man or woman who engenders strife by exaggeration, or by false representations is a sad affliction to any society.

By some eminent minds this is clast as a disease, and sanitary means should be used to bring about the return of a better state. Sometimes their very presence is an indication of trouble. Their word is not reliable, they twist and contort the simplest remark, till it becomes entirely changed.

Sometimes these persons are known to misrepresent even their best friends, and in this way not only injure others, but bring great harm upon themselves. Truly "the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," especially if it becomes the medium of the social mischief-maker.

*South Union, Ky.*

**N**OTHING great, nothing curious, nothing marvelous, nor even miraculous in creatures, tends in the least to effect the work of regeneration. This is wrought by daily self-denial, mortification and suffering: by quietly and patiently doing and suffering the will of God, and rejecting our own.—*R. W. P.*

## THE MANIFESTO.

JUNE, 1898.

## OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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HENRY C. BLINN,  
East Canterbury,  
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## NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

April.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1897. 45.77	3.5 in.	4 in.
1898. 42.	3.125 "	8 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.	66	above 0.
Lowest " " "	" "	18 " "
Number of rainy days	" "	10
" " snowy "	" "	4
" " clear "	" "	9
" " cloudy "	" "	7

May, 1898.

THE spring has put on its vernal attire. The green fields are decked with yellow and white floral tints, and violets open their petals to variegate the sombre green.

The trees are opening their blossoms to afford labor for the busy bees to gather honey all the day from every opening flower. The husbandmen are busy turning the greensward and putting in the seed for the future harvest of cereals and vegetables, the life sustaining products of man and beast. The planting and sowing is risky business this spring, we are having so much rainy weather, but with all the hinderances we are making progress. We have started a new strawberry bed of between two thousand and three thousand plants which chiefly are the Bubach No. 5 with an admixture of Lovett as fertilizers.

The medicine business is our chief source of revenue in the Brethren's line of industries. The Sisters have a variety of fancy work which furnishes them with needful cash. The Brethren and Sisters work harmoniously in bearing the burdens of life, in this they are the light of the world. They stand on a plane of equality in things spiritual and temporal.

At present, the available help of both Brethren and Sisters is employed in divesting two hundred coon skins of fur and hair. This tries the texture of the skin on the hands of the workmen; but as the Irishman said; "Sure for the money it must be done." This fur-pulling uses up the best part of three weeks.

With all the burdens to keep the mortal temples in uprightness we endeavor to keep our spiritual sanctums fitted for the entrance into the home eternal in the Heavens, so that we may be made welcome by the denizens of the Christ sphere, the realm of supernal glory. At present we have living ministers among us who keep the gospel furnace flaming hot for the consuming of sin of every name and nature.

The health of the family is evidently good as all attend to taking their daily rations, and are ready and willing to use their strength where it is felt they can do the most good. Blessed are they that can love and bless both with heart and hands for they shall be crowned with life eternal.

Calvin G. Reed.



## South Family.

May, 1898.

LIVE, love, laugh and joyous be  
 Grand truths in nature quickly see  
 Learn the music in the air  
 Which is floating every where.  
 Note the beauty of each plant  
 Know that God to each does grant  
 Special care all of his own  
 To each rock and tiny stone.

On Tuesday evening April 12th, in the Hall of the Church family, Dr. Peebles lectured on his circuit around the world. Many went to hear him tell of scenes and people he had seen. It was strangely charming to hear about his foreign travels, first to far Australia's shores and their ways and peculiar style of living, as the Bushmen apart from culture and civilization. Of the heathen and their life, of India, that land of wondrous fame; of the Brahmans and Buddhists. He witnessed many scenes of the Brahmans wondrous skill; the power they have to move material things by their will. Some books, he said, were laid upon a table in a room where sat a wise old Brahman who beckoned to them to move across the floor to him saying, "come, come," when instantly the table rockt and the books moved along the floor and stopt just where the Doctor stood. He took them up, examined them, and found they were real books.

At the close of the lecture the congregation sang that grand old melody, "God is infinitely able to sustain the weak and feeble."

On April 13, we held a meeting and Dr. Peebles spoke again, which made the people glad. Singing and speaking was in order, and not a few spirits of departed friends were present. We marcht the good inspiring march and sung the old songs;—the same sweet songs we used to sing when we were young. That meeting we will not soon forget.

Among the fine entertainments of the season we record the Arbor Day exhibition by the public school. The dialogs and recitations were of the very best; all original,—the work of Sister Ada Brown the

Principal of the school. Each part was perfectly executed, the singing was commendable. Sister Rosetta Stevens presided at the organ. A pretty piece was sung entitled "You Know Where the Violets Grow" words and music by Sister Rosetta, assistant teacher.

At the close of the exercises the National air was sung by the school and the scholars marcht away a merry band. Representatives from all the families were present to participate in the loyal spirit of the day.

Genevieve DeGraw.

## Shaker Station, Conn.

North Family.

May, 1898.

MARK OUR ways, how noiseless  
 All, and sweetly voiceless,  
 Tho the March winds pipe to make our pas-  
 sage clear;  
 Not a whisper tells  
 Where our small seed dwells,  
 Nor is known the moment green when our  
 tips appear.  
 We thread the earth in silence,  
 In silence build our bowers,  
 And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we  
 laugh atop sweet flowers.

Again the earth has donned her emerald robe, and seems to have quite forgotten the pure mantle she so recently wore. Cherry-trees are white with bloom, and peach-trees promise a harvest. The orchards are much improved by the skillful use of the pruning-knife. Fruit trees past their days of bloom, and others un-serviceable have been hewn down, and in their stead have set out one hundred and ten cherry and plum trees. We have also set out a large bed of asparagus.

Our Sister Florence Staples who was so successful in the cultivation of currants in Canaan, has already commenced her favorite employment with five-hundred slips.

Future prospects are bright. "We fear not the coming time," but while we are progressing and prospering in temporal affairs, we earnestly pray that we may not slight the spiritual; as it is for the growth



of the spirit, and for the attainment of all virtue, that we have banded ourselves together and we serve the Lord with gladness.

*Edith Shufelt.*

### Shakers, N. Y.

May, 1898.

THE effort that is being made to bring the different religious beliefs into a closer communion is a commendable one. The World's Congress of Religions, held in 1893 was an educator on the line of progressive thought, and the one to be held in India, the present year, will be a continuation of the work which is removing the angularities and overreaching the boundaries of that exclusiveness which for so many centuries has been the cause of the contentions that have arisen among the various beliefs. That the call should come from one representing a belief that antedates our own by many centuries is evidence that "the world moves onward and the light grows stronger." Certainly good must come by a comparison of ideas which will help remove the rust and mould that have collected through ages of exclusiveness.

The workers on the farm and garden are renewing their activity and sowing the good seed. At present we are having a superabundance of rain which is retarding the progress of spring work; but before the close of the season we may be calling for rain, so we will accept what comes and be thankful.

We enjoy the perusal of the home circle notes; it seems like a personal communion with our friends, and the thoughts expressed by those who are striving to sustain the publication of our Monthly are accepted with pleasure.

*Hamilton De Graw.*

### Enfield, N. H.

May, 1898.

EASTER-DAY will long remain indelible on memory's page. Our chapel was well decorated with evergreens, vines,

plants and flowers, while the varied exercises given, afforded invited friends and ourselves, a feast of good things. Making Easter,

A day bright with music, emblematic of tho't, Sacred mementos of Christ, whose life bro't The glad tidings of love, purity and sweet peace,

Fruits of a kingdom that e'er will increase In that sphere where truth rules and blest justice bears away,

Where night is eclipsed with brightness of day; Where the ensign of freedom e'er floats o'er the land,

Where service to God, means service to man, Thus resurrecting from the darkened tombs of sin,

Souls bright with hope, all glorious within, Christ's mission on earth as his teachings portray,

Was to raise a standard and pave a way, Whereby to resurrect from error's dark night, A gospel of love, liberty and light, Of industry, equality, justice and truth, Heaven's high estate for aged and youth.

Our maple harvest fell below last year's record, yielding but one hundred and ninety gallons of syrup. While in operation companies of three to thirty of our young people, spent a few hours at the camp, indulging in the much prized "chopsticks," (maple candy cooled on snow) swinging and having a good time.

As I write the word camp, thought contrasts the peaceful significance of ours to the turbulent ones of the brave, liberty aspiring Cubans and our own American army. There opens to my vision the horrors on sea and land and already occurred and must happen before the red, white and blue with one star can float in freedom.

I turn from our dark National war scene and cast upon the banner of Society news, the bright picture revealing the appointment of Elder William Briggs to our ministerial order and whose Enfield kindred give the salute,—It is well and could not be bettered.

Elder Henry whose long period of service to East Canterbury and Enfield, should be untaxed with extra Society weight as he enameled the closing records of his earth life with the gold of eternal

faithfulness. Unnecessary taxation of one's mental and physical structure when nearing the immortal sphere is not conducive to a cheery entrance where joy and sweet rest are as luxuriant in growth as seeds in peculiarly rich soil.

*George H. Baxter.*

### Sabbathday Lake, Me.

May, 1898.

THIS is a beautiful morning but the bleak, cold wind seems unwilling to go and is roaring wildly among the branches of the trees. April has been very cold and rainy and we farmers and gardeners are much disappointed in the tarry occasioned by the cold weather, after such a warm and delightful March, but we now hope for better days.

In the meantime, we have been busy,—Sisters on the fancy work for sale and both Brethren and Sisters in the greenhouse, days at a time, transplanting celery, cabbage and flower seedlings and over eight hundred dozen tomato plants have been transplanted twice. This is pleasant work when blest with plenty of sunshine but the dull days that we have been having the past month have almost given us "the blues."

During the past week the Sisters have set out a thousand strawberry plants and sown part of the sweet peas. The Brethren have set a row of maple trees on the west side of the road through our village which adds much to the beauty of the place.

Our good aged father Samuel Kendrick has left us for his home in "Mansions of Light" and while we miss him very much no doubt his influence for good will still remain.

*Ada S. Cummings.*

### Narcoossee, Fla.

May, 1898.

It may not be too much to say that difficulty assists in the strengthening and conserving of human power, altho it may seem to the individual like passing over a

rocky mountain to find a pleasant valley. It is quite true that the force which is used to break down the opposition, becomes in the future so changed that it enables us to face new difficulties with much greater power. Through this we are beginning to find what may be required of us to form a home in a new country.

Could we have shared the experience we now have, when we moved to Florida, we might, at this date, be able to sing the Victor's song. To-day the clouds have a more beautiful silver lining than ever before. Knowledge has been gained by our failures and our difficulties.

If there is to be any more Florida or Georgia movements we should suggest, that we look well to our laurels, and move slowly. We should obtain correct information in regard to the people, and then of the land we are to cultivate.

During the past three months we have experienced a severe drought. The lakes have less water and we are able to plough nearly two acres of muck land, and shall plant it with northern potatoes. Our table is now supplied with sweet potatoes, beans, cabbage and lettuce, direct from our garden, and on April 22, Brother Benjamin brought in the first ear of corn.

At times we hear rumors of war, but it does not mar our peace. We are able to hold our meetings and to follow the voice of conscience. We are Believers in our quiet and humble life, and are not moved by the sound of war, altho it has come so near. We are studying diligently the spirit of true heroism, where the burdens of life are cheerfully borne and sacrifices willingly made.

*Andrew Barrett.*

### THE TURNKEY.

No. 1

*By Elder H. C. Blinn.*

AND now I am wondering if you ever saw a "Turnkey." It is a curious, little surgical instrument formerly used by the Dentists. It may be some six inches long

and weighs not over an ounce or two. The shaft of the instrument is bent at right angles with the handle and opposite to the fulcrum.

The instrument received this name from the manner in which it was used. One turn of the hand was the only motion made in extracting a tooth,—hence the name. Forceps were not generally used till about 1830, and even then the Dentists held tenaciously to the key, by saying that all the teeth could not be extracted with the forceps.

Persons sometimes love to tell marvelous stories of the wonderful instruments of torture which they have seen in some foreign country, and yet we have one in our own home that has won a market distinction through a long series of years.

Who invented the Turnkey? History is fortunate in that it leaves us to conjecture. Some say the credit or discredit should be awarded to Garengot, who lived in Europe, but as the "Dental Canthook" is also said to have been invented in Europe, the whole matter of inventions may be open to doubt.

If the writer of the book of Genesis had inserted so much as one paragraph about aching teeth we should have believed at once, that some son of Cain, as they were all cunning workmen, made this wonderful instrument. And yet, neither Jabal nor Jubal nor Tubal may have ever seen a Turnkey.

Possibly it may have been invented at the time when men were studying for forms of exquisite torture, to make other men deny their faith in a just God. It would no doubt, have been a valuable acquisition to the set of tools used for that purpose.

History is positive in reference to the use of pincers for pulling out the finger nails and toe nails of the condemned, and like their notable descendant, Snyder, they may have used these same tools in the extraction of teeth.

We may, after all, be obliged to credit a more modern page of history, and look among the peaceable yeomen of the old

country for this now discarded instrument.

Dr. Fitch thinks that an interest must have been taken in the care, in the usefulness and beauty, as well as in the general appearance of the teeth from the earliest age of man. That even then some means were provided to correct deformities and to extract broken or decayed teeth.

In his *Dental Surgery*, page 7 he says:—"That the Natural History of the teeth, so far as regarded their development, and their Anatomy as far as concerned their form, external appearance and insertion in the jaws, must necessarily have been known to the earliest races of men."

With the Brahmins, the care of cleaning their teeth is coeval with the date of their religion. The early Greeks had a class whom they spoke of as Physicians or Surgeon Dentists. They have also spoken of artificial teeth as a common occurrence. Martial, a Greek poet, says;—"Are you not ashamed to purchase [artificial] teeth and hair, but what will you do for an eye, as there are none to sell."

In the "Dark Ages" came a night of ignorance, and much of science and art was hid from sight. On the return of learning at a later date, with other things came the better knowledge of the teeth, and in 1563 Eustachius published his first work on Dentistry.

Other works followed this, and by 1771 a long list could be named that treated more or less fully upon the Anatomy and use and abuse of natural and artificial teeth.

One of these dark age physicians was consulted in regard to a swelling of the cheek, and decided it was a tumor. The tumor however, proved to be an accumulation of tartar. He then procured a hammer and chisel and went to work. The tooth and tartar were soon dislodged, and the specimen was sent to the Academy of Surgery in 1789 where it can be seen, as well as the error of the surgeon.

We have still another line for investigation, and it seems to be quite favorable. If we could establish the date of the in-

vention of the "Canthook," I think there would be no doubt about the "Turnkey." They evidently were brought out, on the same day. One would almost think that they were invented by a man who hauled logs or workt in a saw-mill, as they bear so close a resemblance to one of the tools which these men use.

In the rolling of logs, levers of different patterns are used, but the most efficient instrument in this work is the Canthook. When it is fastened to a log it does not easily quit its hold, and with its long handle it affords a powerful leverage.

(To be continued.)

### MY HOME.

By William Bird,

TAKE me home to the place  
Where I first saw the light,  
To my dear Shaker friends take me home,  
Where they sing with delight,  
And praise God, day and night,  
To my loved Shaker friends take me home.

In that good Shaker Home  
Where they learn to serve the Lord,  
Where they do his holy will  
And praise in one accord.  
Here they live as Sister—Brother  
And serve the Lord together  
Rejoicing in his work all the day.

East Canterbury, N. H.

### BEGINNING THE DAY.

OUR early hours tune all the rest of the day. Broken, discordant, or disfigured days are possible largely because we have not learned to protect their beginnings. We trust to chance to get through the day. Against such dangers a devotional habit is the surest and most natural protection. An appeal to our own experience reveals that only as we have made it a rule to pray have we prayed effectively. To respect this rule rather than our moods is the only guarantee of secure and steady living. We may say as little as we please about our devotional habits, but a Christian life which can rely upon itself is sure

to have them. There is a sustained power in the life which carefully observes its devotions, and nowhere do we need them more than at the beginning of each mysterious new day, with all its unknown dangers and blessings.—*S. S. Times.*

### THE CHILD'S VOICE.

By Arthur E. Massey.

THE voice of a child  
In a wilderness wild  
Came floating on dew laden air,  
It rivaled all sound,  
And made my heart bound,  
Till all things lookt wondrously fair.  
The heavens seemed brighter,  
My steps grew much lighter,  
I breathed a soul prayer void of speech;  
'Twas the voice of Great AUM  
Spake through that child form,  
A sweet lesson my sad soul to teach.  
It said; "Be a child,  
Pure, humble and mild,  
Consider the lilies of earth,  
Bid all care depart,  
That Christ in thy heart  
May now seal thy Spiritual birth "

Narcoossee, Fla.

THE confession of sin to God, is one of the foundation principles of the Shaker Church. It is taught from Genesis to Revelation and in Christ's church must be a ruling feature. An unconfest Christian would be quite like the description of old Babylon, as given by the Revelator,—“The habitation of demons, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.”

IN the days of Slavery, Canaan New Hampshire Academy was broken up for the unpardonable sin of admitting a few colored pupils on equal terms with the white, by vote of the people in legal town meeting assembled. The edifice was lifted from its foundations, and by three hundred men and a hundred yoke of oxen was hauled out of town.—*Acts of Anti-Slavery Apostles.*

## OUR EXCHANGES.

**THE LIVING EPISTLE** is an Evangelical Monthly Magazine devoted to Biblical Knowledge, Scriptural Holiness and Pure Literature. J. C. Hornberger, Editor.

**THE TEACHERS' JOURNAL** is published by the Rev. P. Anstadt & Sons, at York, Penn. It contains the International Sunday School Lessons, with extended explanatory notes, also blackboard illustrations.

**THE TRIBES** is a Journal devoted to the exposition of the prophecies, concerning the Twelve Tribes of Israel, in the light of sacred and secular history. E. Harrington, Editor. Denver, Col.

**THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH** is an official paper of the World's Universal Congress of Angels. Edited by Thomas Cook, as the medium who shall not speak for himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak. Published at Hot Springs, Ark.

## Deaths.

Samuel Kendrick, at Sabbathday Lake, Me. April 22, 1898. Age 86 years 6 mo. and 1 day.

Having been faithful to the end, we know a crown awaits him. W. D.

Sophia Gregory, at Pleasant Hill, Ky. April 27, 1898. Age 88 years and 9 mo.

Sister Sophia entered the Society when a small child. Her parents were among the pioneers. She was faithful in all her duties, and devoted to the cause of right.

J. W. S.

Irena George, at Enfield, N. H. May 22, 1898. Age 91 years 1 mo. and 13 days.

She had been with the Society from a child and had given all the years of active life, to the interests of the consecrated Home, and to the maintenance of those principles which are its foundation. She is gathered home, as a sheaf fully ripe for the Harvester.

R. C.

## Books &amp; Papers.

**THE LAW OF VIBRATIONS** in I AM SCIENCE, by T. J. Shelton. In this little work of nearly a hundred pages, the author has given a full illustration of the work of healing in which he is engaged. To understand it fully, one must carefully study what is written.

Published at Little Rock, Ark. Price 25 cts.

**SMALL FAMILIES** by H. L. Hastings. In this little work of less than thirty pages there is a fund of information collected from the Bible especially, which may prove a safe and sure guide to the interested reader. Brother Hastings is an able advocate for the cause he has espoused, and if he can persuade those who have either large or small families, to bring up their children "in the admonition of the Lord," he will do a wonderful work on the earth. H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

**THE JOURNAL OF HYGIEIO-THERAPY.** The Science of Life; The Preparation of Food; The Slaughter of the Birds; Law and Medicine; The Science of Phrenology.

Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

The May Magazine Number of **THE OUTLOOK** has on its cover a fine portrait of Commodore Dewey, and nearly twenty pages are devoted to a historical account of the war and to editorial comment thereon. The article on "The Parks and the People," by Samuel Parsons, Jr. ex-Superintendent of the New York Parks, is accompanied by numerous charming pictures now first printed, of scenes in Central Park, Prospect Park, and Morningside Park. The fiction for the number is also distinctively of a seasonable character; the author is Maria Louise Pool, and the title is "In Sappin' Time." It may also be specially noted that the month's installment of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" contains some beautiful photographs made for **THE OUTLOOK**, of Elmwood in the early spring. Other features of this Magazine Number are; An article on "Mr. Stedman as a poet," with a full-page portrait; an article by Clifton Johnson on "English Inns," illustrated by photographs taken by the author; an article on "The New Polychrome Bible," by Professor Francis Brown, of Union Seminary; an article on "Municipal Water-Works," by Mr. M. N. Baker, of "The Engineering News;" a readable paper by Mr. Charles M. Skinner on "Animal Life;" and several other light sketches, poems and articles, besides the usual reviews, news departments, and editorials. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.)

A stirring poem on Cuba, by Joaquín Miller, opens the May number of **FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY**. If there are any Americans who do not wish the freedom of the U-

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## THE MANIFESTO.

bans, a reading of this poem will quickly bring them into line. This magazine contains much of great timely interest. "Naval Warfare of To-day" is an elaborate article, giving the most complete and best illustrated description of this much-talked-of topic that has yet appeared. It is written by Frederick Stone Daniel, and is accompanied by more than twenty-five half-tone cuts of all the leading warships in our navy, including a beautiful water-color frontispiece of the battleship *Maine*, recently destroyed in Havana harbor. Another timely paper is one on "The National Congress of Mothers," the most important of the so called "women's movements," and which is to hold its second annual gathering next month. It also is well illustrated. The article on Andrew Jackson this month is by Francis Worcester Doughty, and treats of the "Medallie History" of Old Hickory, describing the medals, coins and store-cards that were struck to commemorate some important acts of the General and President. The illustrations include reproductions of these medals and coins and some unfamiliar portraits. There is an interesting description of the Reformed Church in America, by David James Burrell, D. D., the sixth in the series on the religious denominations in this country; Bacon's Rebellion, which marks the beginning of liberty in Virginia, forms the subject of a graphic paper by Dr. Lewis R. Harley; Galveston, the "Island City" of Texas, comes in for an exhaustive and profusely illustrated article by Charles Thomas Logan; and the United States Consul at Martinique describes the city of St. Pierre. There are several very clever short stories, a department for boys and girls, and other features.—*Frank Leslie's Publishing House, N. Y.*

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for May begins with a character sketch of Dr. Charles A. Berry, of England. He is the pastor of one of the largest Congregational churches in England. Phrenotypes No. 23, by H. S. Drayton, M. D. This has a portrait of M. Diamandi as an illustration of numbers. "He was asked, how many seconds there are in eighty-seven centuries, taking leap years into account. He answers almost at once and without writing a single figure."

Phrenology and its Utility by Thomas Timson. What is Quality by Jules Buchel; A Short Lesson on Hope by E. Terry. In the Public Eye, by J. A. Fowler. The portraits of Mrs. C. S. Robinson and Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D. accompany this article. The Amateur Phrenological Club, by Elsie C. Smith; The Healing Art, by Susanna W. Dodds, M. D. Child Culture, by Uncle Joseph. This is beautifully illustrated; Honest Jimmie, etc. etc.

Fowler & Wells Co. 27 East 21st St. New York.

The authorship of the much-discussed "Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife," printed in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, will be revealed in the June issue of that magazine, when the name of Anna Farquhar will appear

as the author. It is surmised that the domestic experiences described in these letters were those of Mrs. W. H. H. Miller, wife of the Attorney-General in President Harrison's Cabinet,—since Miss Farquhar is known to be a personal friend of the Miller family, and to have spent considerable time with them in Washington during their official residence there. The author of these letters was born and raised in Indianapolis, in neighborly relations with the Harrison and Miller families, but for ten years past she has lived a studious professional life in New York, London and Boston. She is now connected with the editorial staff of *The Boston Transcript*. In addition to her "Cabinet Member's Wife" letters she has published one novel—"A Singer's Heart"—and another one is about to be issued. She is a young woman, exceedingly clever, and only her closest friends have known her connection with the Washington letters which have attracted such wide attention.

## A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS

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